MORGANand hisMEN

A Confederate Lyrist Chants the Praises of the Blue Grass Chieftain and His Followers.

By GEORGE DALLAS MOSGROVE.

DUKE'S FIGHT AT BOLLING FORK. "With weeping and with laughter Still is the story told, How well Horatius kept the bridge

In the brave days of old." On the morning of Dec. 29. Gen. Morthe ford where Gen. Morgan had crossed ed shell. to the northern side. The rear-guard and some detachments, in all about 300 men, Rolling Fork. The situation was peculiar. Both brigade commanders, Duke and Breckinridge, and three regimental commanders, Cluke, Stoner and Hutchinson, constituted a court-martial that was trying Lieut.-Col. Huffman for alleged violations of the terms granted by Gen. Morgan to the prisoners at the surrender of the Bacon Creek stockade. The sessions of this court had necessarily been frequently interrupted by the movements of the division. On this particular morning the officers composing the court, in order to complete their duties, tarried at a brick house, on the southern side of the river, and about 600 yards from its bank. They knew that a force of Federals, infantry and cavalry, was slowly following Morgan's rear, but they thought they would be able to finally adjourn the court and cross the river before the arrival of the pursuing enemy. They had just acquitted Huffman and were leaving the house when they heard shots in the rear. The pickets came galloping in announcing the approach of the enemy in force. Although the situation was precarious, Duke immediately decided that he would not forsake Cluke's men who, under Bullock, had been sent to destroy the railroad bridge. He, of course, could cross the river with the 300 men and follow after Morgan, but, if he did so, Bullock and his men would be cut off from Bardstown and their capture be no remote probability. Not knowing whether there was a ford lower down at which Bullock could cross, Duke determined to throw into line his 300 men and if possible, hold the two fords until Bul-

story as follows: The ground on which we were posted was favorable to the kind of game we intended to play. Upon each flank were thick woods extending back from the river probably a mile, Between these woods was a large meadow, some 300 yards wide, and stretching from the river bank for 600 or 800 yards to a woods in the back-ground that almost united the woodlands on the flanks. In this meadow, some 200 yards from the river, was a singular depression, resembling a terrace, running straight across it. Behind this, the men who were posted in the meadow were as well protected as if they had been beand an especially constructed earthwork. On the left the ground was so rugged and wooded that the position there was practically impregnable. There was, however, no adequate protection for the horses along any part of the line, except on the

lock could be notified of the situation and

brought back. He, therefore, sent a mes-

sage to Gen. Morgan, reporting the state

6,000 or 7,000 strong, rather than to aban-

don their comrades of Cluke's regiment suggests the heroism of Horatius, Lartius

and Herminius, disputing with the Tus-

can army the crossing of the Tiber at the

gates of Rome. Duke himself tells the

extreme left. "The Federal force advancing upon us consisted of nearly 5,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and several pieces of artillery. This force approached cautiously and very If it had been handled vigorously and skillfully, we certainly would have been swept into the turbid river at our backs, any skill or heroism we might have displayed to the contrary notwithstanding. The dilatory tactics of the enemy saved us, but the suspense was trying. How-ever, we were not idle. Our skirmishers were kept busy in the woods on our flanks, while the men in the meadow were showing themselves in a manner designed to impress upon the enemy an exaggerated idea of their numbers.

"Still advancing slowly and manuvering cautiously, the enemy finally reached the edge of the woods, that fringed the southern extremity of the meadow, and, having driven our skirmishers away from the brick-house and its out-buildings, and from the woods, opened upon us with artillery-some four or five guns.

"Almost immediately after this the two six-pounders that had accompanied Bul-lock galloped upon the ground, and a defant yell a short distance to the right told that Cluke's regiment, known as 'the wardogs,' had arrived. I was disinclined to use the six-pounders, even when they were at hand, because I knew that they could not effectively answer the fire of the ene-my's Parrotts, and I wished to avoid every thing that might warm up the affair into a hot fight, feeling quite certain that when that occurred, we would all, guns and

"The guns were sent across the meadow rapidly, purposely attracting the attention of the enemy as much as possible, to the upper ford. A road was cut for them through the rough ground, and they were being taken across the river with all possible expedition. Cluke threw five companies of his regiment into line, the remainder being sent across the river. We now wished to cross with the entire force that was on the southern side, but this was likely to prove a hazardous undertaking, with an enemy so greatly outnum-bering us lying just in our front. A courier arrived from Gen. Morgan with an order for me to withdraw. In common with quite a number of others, I devoutly wished I could do so. The enemy's guns—the best served of any, I think, that I

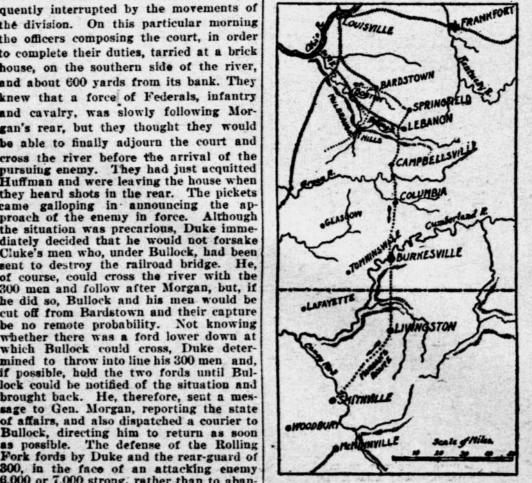
charge and silence a battery on our left, that was annoying us greatly.

DUKE WOUNDED.

"Soon after giving Pendleton his instructions I was wounded in the head by the explosion of a shell which burst in a gan, with the greater part of his force, crossed the Rolling Fork of Salt River, then much swollen, and marched towards Residual to the same shell. Col. Breckinridge then assumed Bardstown. Cluke's regiment with two command, and energetically and skillfully pieces of artillery, under Maj. Bullock, effected the safe withdrawal of the entire still remained on the southern side of the charge all that had been expected of him, river, Bullock having been sent to destroy but before silencing the guns he was badly the railroad bridge, some five miles below wounded by the bursting of a well-direct-

"Aided by the demonstration upon the enemy's center and Pendleton's diversion on the left, everything was suddenly were also still on the southern side of thrown into columns and dashed across the river, leaving the army on the other side cheated of its prey which it ought to have secured. Fortunately we had escaped with small loss, except in horses. The enemy did not attempt pursuit."

Shaler, an ardent Union man, in his excellent history of Kentucky, says: "While crossing the Rolling Fork of Salt River, Morgan's rear-guard and some detachments, amounting to about 800 men, were attacked by about 7,000 Federal troops.



THE RETURN FROM THE "DECEMBER RAID" INTO KENTUCKY.

They should have been captured, but by brilliant attack on the advancing force, followed by a swift retreat, they were enabled to rejoin their commands on the other side of the river."

That night the entire division encamped at Bardstown, Col. Chenault having made a detour during the day and destroyed the stockade at Boston.

THE NIGHT MARCH AROUND LEBANON. When the column reached Springfield, about 3 p. m., on the 30th, Morgan rea-lized that his situation was hazardous me that would elicit all his great powers of strategy and audacity. The enemy had ncentrated a strong force at Lebanon, mly eight miles from Springfield and right in his path. He had also learned that a large force was marching from Glasgow to intercept him at Columbia, should he succeed in evading the force at Lebanon. He had every reason to believe that the force his rear-guard had encountered at Rolling Fork was not far in his rear. He was certainly in a "close place," where he could not afford to dally. The force at Lebanon was estimated to be about 800 strong and well supplied with artillery. "In this emergency," he said, "I determined to make a detour to the right of Lebanon, and by a night march to conceal my movements from the enemy, outstrip the column moving from Glasgow to Colum- in every thing that the service required. All bia, and cross the Cumberland before it

and traveling on an unfrequented by-road, straightforward, although shrewd, dispowhich passes between Lebanon and St. Mary's numerous fires were built in front of Lebanon, and kept burning all night to His great size and erect, soldierly bearing induce the garrison to believe that Morgan | made him a conspicuous figure at all times, was encamped there and would attack in and in battle he was superb." the morning. The night was intensely dark and bitterly cold, the guides ineffi-cient, and the column floundered along blindly. The men were worn out and half frozen. It is common to hear men, who served in Morgan's cavalry through all its

stores, which were immediately issued to the appreciative troopers. Resuming the march on the next day, Jan. 1, 1863, the division moved steadily, reaching Columbia at 3 p. m. Just before nightfall Morgan moved the column from Columbia and marched all of that terribly dark, co'd pose was at length welcomed with so light, never halting until he reached much joy. Frequently the rain, the sleet, Burkesville on the Cumberland. When the and the snow would beat in their faces division, without any serious trouble, had crossed the Cumberland, Jan. 2, all danger was over, and Morgan then moved who had blankets, and thrice lucky were ger was over, and Morgan then moved leisurely along through Livingston and ar-rived at Smithfield, Tenn., on the 5th. The raid had been very trying on men and horses, and, therefore, Morgan remained at Smithfield several days to give the com-

mander, he would prefer him to any other. It was alleged by many that Wheeler had been placed in command of a cavalry corps by Gen. Bragg probably more because of his dislike for certain other officers than for any special partiality he felt for Wheeler, the malcontents further alleging that, although Gen. Wheeler's reputation was deservedly high it hardly entitled him to command some of the distinguished officers who were commanded to guished officers who were commanded to report to him. Whee'er fully recognized the fact that he labored under disadvantages on account of the violent and unjust prejudices excited against him by Gen. Bragg's preference for him and his rapid promotion, and I am strongly of the opinion that he reluctantly assumed command of Morgan's division. Undoubtedly. mand of Morgan's division. Undoubtedly, Gen. Wheeler was thoroughly instructed in the duties of his profession—perfectly familiar with the elaborate details of organization and military business, and nothat characterized Morgan and Forrest, he mounted and tried to warm themselves by was perhaps better fitted than either of walking, running, jumping and various them for the duties which devolve upon the commander of large bodies of cavalry, permanently attached to the army and redozen men, reached the bank, and started 'He is not a good raider, but there is no better man to watch the front of the army." Brave as a paladin, Gen. Wheeler was just, high-toned and exceedingly courteous. Full of fire and enterprise, and thoroughly impressed with the necessity of order and discipline, yet he was singularly unfortunate in maintaining them -perhaps, because he did not keep strict enough rule with his officers immediately next him in rank. About this time Gen. Rosecrans inau-

gurated a system which resulted in the decided improvement of his cavalry. He would send out a body of cavalry, stronger than any force it was likely to encounter, and, that it might not be demoralized by disastrous defeat, the cavalry was supported by an infantry force, always near enough to finish any fight that the cavalry might stir up. The infantry said that the cavalry warmly applauded Gen. Rosecrans's methods, the "critter-back compapies" feeling more confidently secure when they were assured that their infantry comrades were within succoring distance.

COL. HUTCHISON KILLED. 'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow

Has stretched him on the bloody plain." The 2d Ky., encamped at Woodbury, Jan. 24, was attacked by a Federal force, principally infantry, Col. Hutchinson not having more than 400 men in camp. A more discreet commander would have retired, but Hutchinson, as usual, determined to fight. He posted his men advantageously upon the summit of a hill in front of the village, sheltering a portion of his line behind a stone wall. The enemy's attack was preceded by an artillery fire to which Hutchinson was forced to patiently submit, he having no guns with which to reply; but when the infantry moved up and came within range the deadly Enfields of Hutchinson's "regulars" very perceptibly decimated their ranks. The combat lasted about an hour, the enemy, meanwhile, carrying the stone wall, which, however, was retaken by Capt. Treble and Lieut. Lea, charging at the head of their companies. Hutchinson kept one of his companies idle and out of the fight, but, nevertheless, producing an effect upon the enemy. The Federals men constituted a strong reserve. Constantly exposed to the fire of artillery and small arms during the fight Cooper's com-pany never moved from its position until cover of the hill. Throughout the action Col. Hutchinson had exposed himself with even more than his usual recklessness, and just as all seemed over, when he was laughing gleefully at his successful withdrawal, a ball struck him upon the temple, and he fell dead from his horse. Lieut. Charles Allen, the Adjutant and his Orderly threw the body of their dead Colonel upon his horse and carried it off the field under a hot fire. Capt. John B. Castleman then took command of the regiment and successfully conducted the retreat. Gen. Duke pays the following tribute to the memory of him who was his brother in arms and Lieutenant-Colonel: "Hutchinson was, beyond all comparison, the best field officer in Morgan's division, and, indeed, that I ever saw. Had he lived and been placed in situations favorable to the development of his talent, he would. I firmly believe, have become competent to any command. He had more natural military aptitude, was more instinctively the soldier, than any man I have ever known. He did not exhibit a marked partiality and gift for a particular class of military duties, so much as a capacity and fitness for all. He could make himself thorough that a soldier ought to know, he seemed came within striking distance."

At night, therefore, Gen. Morgan a soldier were his natural impulses. He moved from Springfield, leaving the pike had the frank, generous temper and sition that wins popularity with soldiers. When killed, he was barely 24 years old.

frozen. It is common to near men, who served in Morgan's cavalry through all its career of trial and hardship, refer to the night march around Lebanon as the most itying scene of their entire experience. Nothing preserved organization and carried the column along but the will of the undaunted Captain in the front and the independent of the column along but the will of the parties were of almost daily occurrence. Perhaps no period in the history of Morgan's eavalry, of equal duration, can be service was performed. It has been said, tack from another direction. By 1 o'clock p.m., the column was on the top of Muldraugh's hill, on the Lebanon and Columbia road, and soon after nightfall Morgan was in Campbellsville, where he luckily found a generous supply of commissary the stores, which were immediately issued to men who were the actors in them, the description by the private soldiers of what they dared and endured, would be the proper record of those stirring and memorable days. They could tell how, worn out with days and nights of toil, the brief rethose who could find something to eat before lying down, and another meal when they arose. It often happened that before

"'Are you going any further?" "'No. Have you any news of Morgan?" 'His cavalry are at Liberty—none

"Morgan then said to Quirk: Sergeant, carry as many men over at a load as possible, and we will swim the horses. It is too late to attempt to derry them over.' "The Michigan Captain started to move tably vigilant and energetic. While he on, but Morgan asked him to wait and probably did not display the originality they would ride to Nashville together. and the instinctive strategical sagacity When he consented, most of his men dis-

mired to conform to its movements and the boat back, but, unfortunately, when ecessities. It was often said of Wheeler: his men were climbing the bank they inadvertently made a display of their Confederate trousers, and, the 'Michiganders' then comprehending the game, Quirk had to attack them forthwith. The Captain and some 15 men immediately surrendered, but the remainder escaped and ran to

Nashville, giving the alarm." COL. CHENAULT IN KENTUCKY.

About the middle of January Gen. Morgan ordered Col. Chenault, commanding Cumberland River. At that time, Col. Cluke was operating in Central Kentucky.

Obie rivers, reaching Albany, Ky., on the morning of Jan. 22, all greatly exhausted and many men dismounted. We found Albany a deserted village. It is the County seat of Clinton County, and was once a flourishing village of 500 inhabitants, but we found it tenantless-storehouses, hotel, churches; offices, dwelling houses and court house unoccupied and going to decay. Where was once joy, peace, prosperity and busy trade, wicked war had left naught but desolation and solitude. We camped in the town, surrounded by a country teeming with good rations and an abundance of forage.

"Jan. 24, with 100 men, I went on a scout to Monticello, distant 25 miles from Albany, and drove a Federal company out of the town and across the Cumberland. capturing two prisoners. From this date until Feb. 15, we scouted and picketed the roads in every direction, and had good rations and forage, with comfortable quarters, but heavy duty, the whole regiment being on duty every two days. Tinker Dave,' the bushwhacker, annoyed us so much that we had to establish a chain picket every night around the entire town. Col. Jacob's Federal regiment was at Creelsboro, 12 miles, and Wolford's brigade at Burkeville, 14 miles distant. Our little regiment was 120 miles from support, and we only sayed, ourselves by

vigilance and activity.
"Learning from newspapers that our was ordered to cover the retreat. Then Wolford began his speech I charged on it filed to the left, as if moving to take foot to a school house on the river bank the enemy in flank, and, when the column and from there drove the dismounted had passed, wheeled into the rear under pickets away from their horses, and

"By order of Gen. Morgan, March 4. strong force, and necessarily, I was kept busy picketing and scouting. Col. Chenault with the remainder of the regiment winning party put on the finish—no quararrived at Monticello, March 10.

vere defeat. His command was scattered that dishearten us! assisted Pegram in crossing the river.

Was Jacob Parrott Ever?

When killed, he was barely 24 years old. His great size and erect, soldierly bearing made him a conspicuous figure at all times, and in battle he was superb."

THE WINTER OF DISCONTENT.

During the lafter part of January, and in February and March, Morgan's command, excepting that portion of it under Cluke and Chenault, on detached service in Kentucky, was kept constantly employed in the neighborhoods of Liberty, Woodbury and McMinnville. Sconts and wise and conspicuous figure at all times, and writes: "Being in Chattanooga, The ever was, and in the ever was, and writes: "Being in Chattanooga, The ever was, and in the ever was, and writes: "Being in Chattanooga, The ever was, and in the

1861, for three years; prometed from private April 24, 1863; mustered out Jan. 3, 1865, on expiration of term of service." He was the first man to receive a medal of honor.—Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

FIRST MAN KILLED AT GETTYSBURG. Letter From Els Friend and Comrade to

Other Comrades of the 9th M. Y. Cav. tain of a Michigan regiment, with some 20 men, rode up to the other side. Morgan advanced a few feet in Front of his little command, touched his hat, and said:

"Captain, what is the news in Nashville?

"Who are you? It is the news in Nashville?

"Capt. Johnson, oth Ky. Cav., just from Murfreesboro, via Lebanon, going to Nashville by Gen. "Rosecrans's order.

"Are you going any further?"

Other Comrades of the 9th E. T. Cav.

Edition National Tribuxe: I notice in "Picket Shots" that Comrade John Sillis, 9th N. Y. Cav., now over 85 years old, lives at Caloria, Wis.; also, that Comrade Dan L. Lewis, Cygnet, O., also inquires for comrades of 9th N. Y. Cav.

God bless you, comrades! My heart goes out to you with leaps of love and throbs of good wishes for you and for all but the property of the comrade of 9th N. Y. Cav.

God bless you, comrades! My heart goes out to you with leaps of love and throbs of good wishes for you and for all but the property of the comrade of 9th N. Y. Cav.

who are dead.

I would do better on a foraging detail than as correspondent; but I would like to write all of our history as to comrades that I can remember. I couldn't put it into a book, and no newspaper that print- Why Frement and Shields Patied to Capture ed any other item could get room for the half of it. Now, if I could write like our Chief Musician! Boys, do you remember that song of his that begah and ended like what follows:

"We joined the army t'other day Because we thought to get big pay! And have some fun most every day-

While going down to Dixie! "But on the ground we had to lay-Spoon-fashion, closely crowded in, It rained and soaked us to the skin-

Most every night in Dixie!" It was a long song, you know-a vers for each company in the regiment, then a verse for each officer and then one for the band and another for windup! And we used to detail reliefs to sing it in

parts!

Comrade Lewis referred to C. W. James as the first Union soldier killed at the 11th Ky., to occupy Clinton and Wayne Counties, Kentucky, just beyond the Tennessee border and south of the which I was one—to go to the videt line. which I was one—to go to the videt man. He was on my right, and said, "John, if I am wounded or killed in this fight you northwest of Harrisonburg, running southeast and east. Some five miles west for years for a copy of an old ballad written by Tony Pastor—"Song of All Songs" his horse and caught him in front of the house of John Burns, who helped me get poor Cy's foot from the stirrup and lay the body down. He promised me to bury the body in the corner of his lot, and he did not be ast, to Port Republic, where it unites with South River, which has its source at or near Waynesboro. These streams form the Shenandoah, which flows slightly the body in the corner of his lot, and he made at Harper's Ferry. I noticed that all did so.

> private in the 9th N. Y. Cav., which had such heroes as its officers-Gen. Buford and Maj. Clark and others of equal patriotism, bravery and abilities. They when her family was at breakfast on the were heroes, and by setting examples made heroes of their men.
>
> Comrades, we have fought a good fight and we have been faithful; but we have yet a great fight to help in—the fight against anarchy and against unjust opwere heroes, and by setting examples

I am proud to remember that I was a

against anarchy and against unjust oppression by anarchists; let us make it while we may, for the pontoons are laid across the silent river waiting for our feet to cross; and the orders for us to march over are ready to be promulgated—and then, as always, we will obey orders. While we are here, let us go forward in our duty, touching elbows in the march to conquest of lawbreakers, with thanks to Almighty God that we were permitted to fight a good fight and to live so long to fight a good

Implacable Hatred of Divided Weighbors in Border States. the bell rang, and immediately after warfare for the Union of which no con- Shields's army was on the east side of the

broke up the speaking in great disorder.
The boys christened the school house Fort McCreary, but it did not last long, for the night after we left the Faderals crossed the river and burned it.

Border State.

If you had been in Missouri—where a lost battle meant death—when you got out you could tell your folks that you had been somewhere! Here is the way it went: I was born in this County of Boone, State of Missouri, the same Coun-I moved with three companies from ty in which the Centralia massacre was Albany to Monticello and camped in the committed. I am the only one of my name town. Wolford was at Somerset with a who honored the flag. When we hitched rrived at Monticello, March 10. ter asked or given! In the Kayette fight "Gen. Pegram's Brigade arrived, April Lieut. Street said: "Boys, don't fire your 1, on a raid into Kentucky. He captured Somerset and moved on to Danville. While retreating, he was compelled to fight at Somerset, where he met with severe defeat. His command was scattered that dishearten us!

and many were captured. Col. Chenault | Let me show you how some acted. Bill Let me show you how some acted. Bill and John Shrum, a scout, both of whom Sturman; my bunky, was standing not fought there on the Confederate s de. far from me in the second charge, and They said that many of the rebellers. "The Cumberland being fordable, the far from me in the second charge, and enemy crossed in heavy force, April 29, one of the bushwhackers, when about as both at Mill Springs and the mouth of close as he could spur his horse, pulled might have been defeated had not our Ohio are referred to as 'The Twins.' Greasy Creek. Tucker met them on the down on Bill with a double-barreled shot-Mill Springs Road, and I met them on the gun; his horse was excited, and reared, Greasy Creek Road, Chenault, with a part which caused the whacker to pull too of the regiment remaining at Monticello. low. He was so close that the shot did The enemy being in strong force we were compelled to fall back to the Obie River."

The continued is the continued in the continued in the ground between Bill's feet so big you could have buried both fists in it. Bill said: "Whoop, buried buried both fists in it. Buried bur huh! You can't half shoot!" and Bill shot

After the war loyal men were waylaid Comrade E. Z. Hays, Captain, Co. K. and assassinated by the former rebels; 32d Ohio, Warsaw, Ohio, wishes to know and now they are heard against us who

up and explain?"

[This is all a mistake. The 32d Ohio was in West Virginia at the time of the engine-stealing exploit, and none of its members had any connection with the affair. It was the 33d Ohio, which, with the other regiments of Sill's Brigade, furnished the men. Jacob Parrott's secord in the Ohio roster reads as follows:

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just issued, containing an account of the "Great rebel victory at Corinth."

About 9 o'clock the next morning Mitchel announced the result of the fight at Corinth and the way the boys cheered and threw caps was shocking to the nerves of the secesh in the vicinity.

tachment of the 4th Ohio Cav. and 15 locomotives, about 50 cars, an immense amount of Confederate stores and 149 prisoners, including general officers, were secured. The crowning achievement of the expedition was possession of the Sonthern thoroughfare. It was all accompilished, too, without a casualty. There was some Union sentiment, even here, but the masses were accessionists. The prisoners, officera particularly,—talked boastingly of disasters to be poured upon us by the Confederate armies, by and by. The bump of hope seemed large upon the secession head.—CAPT. G. CILLEY, 4th Ohio, 1st U. S. Cav., and 12th U. S., blind comrade who had loss blind company the company that t

Stonewall Jackson.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Comrade owing to the peculiar conformation of the country the battles of Cross Keys and country the battles of Cross Keys and cequivalent to the loss of a hand. Port Republic are little understood. Livon the Confederate s.de. His house was just within Jackson's battleline. I nobattery had literally ridded an old frame barn belonging to my guide and com-panion's home. Many of the shells, not exploding, went through the planks of the barn sideways, cutting holes the length of

Three branches of the Shenandoals River unite at Port Republic, forming mac at Harper's Ferry. I noticed that all the stones in that country are set on edge and that the cracks in them are vertical of the song is: instead of horizontal, as is usually the

A lady at Cross Keys told me that to fight a good fight and to live so long to see the fruits of our battles.—John Baker, Co. G. 9th N. Y. Cav., North Tonowanda, N. Y.

WAR WITHOUT QUARTER.

was on a ridge to the north, the house being in the little valley between them.

At Cross Keys, or Union Church, one will hear a story, firmly believed by the people there, or at least by many of them, that a school house full of Fremont's wounded was burned, the inmates not escaping caping.

were permitted to occasionally get a glimpse of Capt. Cooper's men, and, not knowing the strength of the secreted I started from Albany, with two combandary of your big battles and thrill the world, pray in the closet under the stairway. The my men behind a hill, I watched from the ever get and merit greater pensions than bushes near the river the assembling of the crowd at the court house. At 1 o'clock alties for faithful loyalty and terrors of the court house. At 1 o'clock alties for faithful loyalty and terrors of the court house. At 1 o'clock alties for faithful loyalty and terrors of the court house. At 1 o'clock alties for faithful loyalty and terrors of the court house. At 1 o'clock alties for faithful loyalty and terrors of the court house. At 1 o'clock alties for faithful loyalty and terrors of the court house. At 1 o'clock alties for faithful loyalty and terrors of the court house. ception ever touched your mind, or cou'd, unless you were a loyal man in a Southern State or in a secession community of a Border State.

If you had been in Missouri—where a less than the loss away, down the river, when the whole army should have marched up to Port Republic in time to intercept the crossing of Jackson. Shields did nothing less than the less than t

whatever to aid Fremont in his battle at Cross Keys. Unquestionably he could have marched his army to Port Republic and made a diversion in Fremont's favor. and made a diversion in Fremont's favor, and, possibly, he might have crossed the bridge and attacked Jackson's rear, while the latter was fully engaged battling with Fremont. On the other hand, Fremont did not press Jackson after the battle of Cross Keys. On June 9, when about 3,000 of Shields's troops, Shields himself not being present, gallantly essayed to check Jackson after he had succeeded in crossing the river. Fremont, on higher

I went over the field with Maj. Wheat courier to the General earnestly asking for help, but none came.

After this fight Fremont and Shields

THAT BOOUS SOLICITOR.

were deposed from command.

The battle of Port Republic was fought for the most part, on the farm of John Lewis, a stanch Union man. He was warned that a battle was imminent and advised to fiee with his family to the mountains for safety. Although he saw no indications of a combat, he heeded the warning. When he had climbed a footbill of the nearest mountain he saw unmis takable signs of the coming battle. Looking down the river, he could see the Federal troops coming up, and looking up the river he could see the Confederates coming down. Although he could plainly see both armies they, as yet, could not see each other. Looking upon the hostile forces, he thought war was, indeed, terrible. Here were two armies that had never seen each other. The men were much alike. Individuals on the one side had no personal grievance against any one of the opposing force. There was no personal enmity. Yet, they were about to engage in deadly combat. He and his fami'y saw the most terrific fighting that characterized the battle. Maj. Wheat told me that he was never in a harder contested fight, and he had been in a number of the great battles of the war. He said that whole companies of his Confederate comrades were practically annihilated.—T. H. B. BAKER, Co. E, 5th Ind. Cav., Pekin, Ind.

DID NOT TAKE FORT GREGG.

The Captain Saw the Capture, But is No. Too Old to Either Fight or Run Away.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Comrade Doughty, of the 11th Me., referring to the capture of Fort Gregg, asks: "Did the forts get mixed?" Maybe they did, but not so bad as the comrade is mixed in his ac-count. He says there were no Western troops in the charge on Gregg. I know there were at least two Western regiments—12th W. Va., and 116th O. I am almost certain too, that the 23d Ill. was in

PICKET SHOTS

THE MAINED SOLDIERS' BULL. God bless you, comrades! My heart goes out to you with leaps of love and throbs of good wishes for you and for all of our old comrades—and tears blur what I write when I remember our comrades who are dead.

I would do better on a foraging detail than as correspondent; but I would like to write all of our history as to comrades that I can remember. I couldn't put it into a book, and no newspaper that printed any other item could get room for the stonewall Jackson.

The bump of hope seemed large upon the 'maimed soldiers' bill. Not long ago to venture a shot from the 11th Ill., about the 'maimed soldiers' bill. Not long ago the 'maimed soldiers' bill. Not long ago the 'maimed soldiers' bill is with a remainded any comrade who had lost both eyes in blind comrade who had lost both eyes in blind comrade who had lost both eyes in the army, and had an amendment prepared to the 'maimed soldiers' bill passed by Congress last March. The bill is maimed. It does not begin soon enough on include those so disabled in arm or leg as to entitle them to draw commutation. Comrade A. W. Paul, Co. B, 111th Ill., as to entitle them to draw commutation EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Comrade money every three years for loss of use of Wadell truthfully says, issue May 7, that limb. I am one of the unfortunates that

"I hope all the comrades who are so dising near those battlegrounds I have rela- abled will write to their Congressmen and tives whom I have visited three times call their attention to this defect in the within the last 15 years. Incidentally, I studied the country—its mountains, rivers, and roads. I went over the field at Cross Keys with a man whose home was there, and who participated in the battle on the Confederate and who participated in the battle on the Confederate and who participated in the battle on the Confederate and who participated in the battle on the Confederate and who participated in the battle on the Confederate and who participated in the battle on the Confederate and who participated in the battle of this defect in the law. If a soldier gave part of himself for his country he should be amply rewarded. If he gave his two eyes for his country he should have the country, or what he could use of it. Comrades, let us have the 'maimed soldiers' bill amended. CORP'L SPENCER'S WARRANT.

Comrade D. A. Robertson, Co. B. 24-Ark. Cav., Harpersville, Tex., writes: "I have in my possesion, without remembrance of how I got hold of it, a warrant issued to Corp'l Thos. A. Spencer, 10th Iowa, by Lieut.-Col. P. P. Henderson, at Decatur, Ala., June, 1864. I would be glad to restore it to the comrade."

music, if it was set to note at all. He asks "who wants a copy of the words?" The song is made up of titles of songs of that day—such as "There was Bonnie Annie Laurie," "Going Out Upon a Annie Laurie," "Going Out Upon a Spree;" with "Old Uncle Suow," "In a Cottage by the Sea,' etc. The arst stanza

"As you've walked through the town on a fine Summer's day, The subject I've got you have seen, I dare

Upon fences and railings, wherever you You'll see the funny ballads sticking up The titles to read you may stand for a

part of it was something like this:

"Lee came North, a short time since,

To spend a month or so. Jeff Davis met him going back-'Why, Gen. Lee,' he said, What makes you stagger so! Is there whisky in your head? 'Not much,' said Lee.

'I've taken too much Meade!" BADGE OF LIEUT. GEORGE LOUYD Lieut. Geo. Louyd, 6th of or his relatives, can procure return of inquiring of a Maltese Cross badge by inquiring of Comrade Houston. The badge has been long in custody of Geo. B. Forney, who would be glad to know that it has reached the original owner or those who were

dear to him. A PLEASING THOUGHT.

Comrade James N. Coulter, Indianola, Iowa, forwards his own remarks about his own reported death: "The National Tribune having published the statement that James N. Coulter is dead, I would be glad to notify comrades of Co. G, 10th Iowa, that I am not yet permanently or protractedly assigned to the pits in any cemetery.

TWINS OR TRIPLETS? Some one who simply signs himself "A 15th Ohio Man" writes from Shelby, "I notice that the 15th and 49th Shields with some 10,000 men was eight miles from the battlefield. Col. Garvin, of the 7th Ind., sent courier after the ways together. When you saw any of the feelers of t

> THAT BOGUS SOLICITOR. W. R. Black, Cedar Grove, Ind., says: that he and his comrades have been victims of F. D. Buckingham, a bogus solicitor. He represents himself to be soliciting for the Weekly Eagle, a paper devoted to the interests of the old soldiers.

Always Close to Death.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Observing the reports of comrades who witnessed the explosion of the steamer City of Madison at Vicksburg, I wish to tell how narrowly I escaped. I regard my escape as Providential. I was carrying a dispatch to anofficer on the boat from Gen. Grant, and was only about 300 feet distant when the explosion occurred. The vessel was loaded with ammunition and powder, and upon powder and fixed ammunition, and among hese boxes and barre's fell scores of burning brands. How many times the soldier came near to death; and how terribly near to death he always was, wherever he was! I considered my escape almost miraculous, and I have wondered how any mancould serve three years in the civil war and escape with his life from the constant dangers, seen and unseen, that surrounded him at all times.

I am not much in the habit of reciting my army experiences, but I take much interest in reading the experiences of others, as I find them recorded in The National Tribune; and I often wonder if any generation of America's sons will ever experi-cuce as much of the bitter horrors of war as did we of the civil war. I hope not. I have seen forts, arsenals and magazines blown up; factories, houses and cities burned; looked want, misery and despair were but the common experience of every soldier who went actively through a three-years' enlistment.—T. C. YATES, 4th Ind'p't Company, Ohio Cav., Feesburg, O.

whited I could do so. The cases and manufacture is a minimum and the state and the state at a minimum and the state and the state at a minimum and the state and the state at a minimum Tardiness Saved Him.